

Sucked into the year of 2552

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-01-05 22:33:36

Updated: 2006-06-05 14:07:37

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:50:10

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 8,872

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What happens when a normal 15 year old boy get sucked into the year of Halo? R&R PLZ. finished

1. A new kind of day

Chapter 1

Chris Boyer walked into his house and moaned softly. Chris was a fifteen year old student in high school with black hair that was in need of a trim, he had just come back from taking his math final exam. Not that he thought he had done poorly on it but that it had been very difficult, and his phone service was down again, curse Charter telephone service. He needed to study for three more exams tomorrow, he needed a stress reliever, he needed to play Halo 2.

He dashed down his basement stairs, threw his binder and books down onto his bed, switched his Xbox on, and grabbed his favorite wireless controller. The usual start for Halo 2 came up, Chris always left the disc in. He picked the starting level, no use playing the ending levels when he was this worn out. He went through the level as he normally did shooting elites and grunts. He quickly finished the first level and went onto the second.

This level was his favorite because, despite the annoyance of the stupid hunters it was fun to fight on what would be a futuristic Earth. He waited for the loading to stop, suddenly his cat, Thomas, jumped off Chris and the back leg claws dug into his leg making him drop the controller. He looked at the screen, was that thing still loading? Oh well, he decided to start counting seconds because he had nothing better to do for a pre-loader.

"Ten... eleven... twelve." Chris closed his eyes and continued, "thirteen... fourteen... fifteen." He opened his eyes to look at the screen. It was gone, his first thought was, Crap, dad is gonna kill me. But then Chris saw that this wasn't his house at all. It was a street, and he was laying behind what appeared to be a shield of

iron, like in the wars, but there were no wars like that in Missouri. He sat up. He saw a group of men running around and shooting guns in the air. One man saw him and ran towards him.

_The man looks like a marine. But citizens didn't dress in armor, what the heck is going on? _Chris thought. This looked similar to the common city with huge buildings and everything. But why were guns firing? And was that... a _plasma _blast that had just gone past him? This couldn't possibly be normal. He could've fallen asleep and been moved in his sleep this had happened before, but why outside and why plasma blasts? Chris took another look at the man, he was slightly tall holding a gun. That meant he was with the military. Chris saw that he was holding what appeared to be... a battle rifle from the Halo 2 game. Those weren't real were they? But Chris knew as he put two and two together that the only reasonable explanation was that he was somehow sent into the year of 2552. Although that didn't seem reasonable at all.

Then the man called out, "Move civilian! Here. I'll get you to your family in the shelter. What's your name?" Chris thought about telling the man his real name he gave the name that he gave to all other Halo players as a screen name. After all better safe than sorry.

"Spartan 106." Chris said lowering his voice. He saw his mistake a second too late.

"Wow! A Spartan! I mean I thought all except 117 died during the fall of Reach. How'd you get here?" Chris thought quickly. He couldn't say he wasn't a real Spartan because this man might kill him now that he had said so. So he gave the best excuse he had.

"I was sent there on an underground mission before the mission on Reach but something went wrong and my communications were lost and my suit got breached too many times so I was forced to get rid of it and act like a civilian until I was somehow found." The man considered him.

"How long have you been down here?"

Chris thought and answered, "A half-year or so."

The man bought his story. "Ok, this is Kyle sir, I have found a man who claims to be Spartan 106. His story makes sense, calling in a drop-ship to take him back to headquarters." Soon a ship came by and Chris hopped in. The drop-ship took off and carried him away from the battle. The pilot didn't speak, Chris remained equally mute. He soon saw a huge ship come into view, and gave a sharp intake of breath. He was dropped off in front of an official looking man who Chris took to be his commander. He snapped to a slightly sloppy salute.

"As you were Spartan." The man said. Luckily Chris had seen enough movies to know that he was now supposed to stand still and listen.

"Your story seems to check out so we are going to get you into my ship get you used to with a newly modified suit and put you back down here in an hour." The commanding guy said. Chris was dumbstruck, his story actually checked out?

"Yes sir, thank you sir." Chris said. He was led into the ship and

then into an armory, although he wouldn't have seen it as such if he hadn't played so much Halo. He saw several cyro-tubes and what he recognized as the energy shield test. A man who was called Gregory made him lay down in one of the cyro-tubes and he quickly fell asleep and woke, remembering no dream, not that he ever did.

"Move around a bit. Get a feel for it. Then come over to the energy shield test." He was apparently talking about Chris's suit training as getting used to it. Chris looked down at his hand and it was coated in green armor. Great, they put him in a Spartan suit, perfect. Well at least they wouldn't think he was a kid he switched the voice masking on. He hadn't spoken to Gregory so he wouldn't know. Chris was then carried by three others onto a field. There he spent the three hours Chris learned how to use the suit. It was actually terribly complicated and he got badly hurt more than a few times. He finally met up with Gregory in the armory again. He then jumped up and down a few times, and ran around a bit, still not entirely used to the suit's functions. He then walked over to the energy shielding test and stood waiting.

"Ready sir?" Asked Gregory.

"No," Chris answered. "But punch it anyway." A high pitched beeping filled Chris's ear, followed by the steady hum of the shields.

"All readings normal, now to see about the weapon systems." Gregory then handed Chris a M7 sub machine gun and walked him over to a targeting system. He told Chris to fire at the target when ready. He open fired on the "enemy" and struggled to hold the gun steady. In his year he was not a great shot. But in the year of 2552 all he had to down was pull the trigger and keep a steady arm and the suit's targeting systems did most of the rest.

The commanding guy came in. "How does he look?" He asked.

"Everything shows normality sir." Gregory answered. Chris was then led to a M12 LRV Warthog.

"Two marines will lead you to Spartan 117, cover his movements." Chris nodded and hopped in the right side sit. Normally he drove the Warthog but he didn't know where he was going so he let the marine drive. The trip went pretty smooth most of the areas that they visited were filled with dead bodies because of the Spartan 117. He saw two hunters up ahead and his grip on his battle rifle tightened.

"This is as far as we go sir." The lead marine said. Chris nodded and ran forward shooting at the hunter. He rolled to the left came up kneeling and got in a few nice head-shots. Chris picked up a plasma grenade and launched it unto the hunter midsection, and ran hard in the opposite direction. He turned around as he heard an explosion and saw blue plasma. He turned to the second hunter and found several marines and Spartan 117 shooting it.

Chris saw the beast fall and walked up to John. "Spartan 106 reporting for orders sir." Chris heard whispers circle through the marines. Some of awe, some of indignation.

Sparten 117 said, "Another Spartan, how did you manage to escape from

Reach in time?" Chris told his made up story that he had told the marine. and walk along side John who questioned him often. Which cause Chris to come up with new explanations. They soon ran into a large group of enemies. Chris killed a grunt by bashing it in the head, then slammed the butt of the battle rifle into an elite's gut before shooting the thing in the head several times.

At first Chris thought that killing would bother him but he found that killing a grunt was like a worm or a frog, well one that shot back at you anyway. He continued to fire at the elites and grunts until he heard a _click_. His ammunition clip was out. He quickly grabbed a new stock and began to insert it, but an elite came speeding towards him in a ghost. Suddenly John jumped on the Ghost kicked the beast out then shot it.

"Watch yourself." He called to Chris. Why did John have to catch him at that moment? He was doing fine before that. No time to worry about it now, Chris ran forward killing several enemies. He soon ran forward to find John standing next to another M12 LRV Warthog. Chris then made what was his first _really_ big mistake. He hopped in the back turret seat. Automatically a marine came up and looked at him.

"Sir, that's my position with Spartan 117." Chris looked at him the man. Was he actually suggesting that a Spartan relive his position? Chris turned but not being used to controlling the M41 LAAG2 gun in real life he accidentally pointed it at the marine. The man panicked and shot Chris twice. Chris, acting on instant of survival shot the man with the machine gun. The marines looked at him.

"Spartan 106 has gone crazy take him out!" He knew those words meant death. He leapt out of the gunner sit and ran jumping over bullets.

"Stop! Cease fire!" Then Chris heard the explosion of a rocket launcher. He turned and saw John holding the weapon.

"Now listen or I'll fire this at you." John spoke in Chris's defense about how the marine had shot him twice so Chris had been acting out of defense. The marines let Chris come back but they no longer followed his orders without John's consent and never lowered their weapons. Chris walked calmly knowing they wouldn't shoot him, well not now at least, but he couldn't slip up like that again. He hopped in the side sit, Spartan 117 took the driving position, and a new marine took gunner.

The Master Cheif drove through the beach until they ran into _another_ _barricade of elites. Chris shot down as many as his limited view allowed. Then Spartan 117 drove on to what Chris considered to be an underground highway. Chris leapt out of the Warthog and grabbed a Ghost that was laying down. Immediately two elites came for him, suck up aliens had set a trap. Chris frantically tried to find the backup control. He punched a random button and the Ghost sped up using it's boost to splatter the two enemies.

Chris sped up ahead figuring that the others would catch up and he could give them a bit of front cover. Soon three covenant Shadows came into view. Chris jumped from his Ghost to the Shadow took out an energy sword he had stolen from an elite and slashed through the exterior to the engine room, he then placed a plasma grenade on the

computer leapt out of the room and onto the next Shadow. He looked back and saw the first Shadow blow up. Chris then repeated the process twice and waited for the Master Cheif to arrive. Soon he did and Chris hopped into the right side of the transport and John drove on. Chris suddenly saw the huge spider walker thing that the covenant owned.

"It blew right through us," One female marine was saying. "Rockets, grenades. Didn't do a thing." Then he heard Cortana call in for a Scorpion tank. Soon enough the tank came by. Master Cheif hopped in and three marines hopped unto the sides Chris took the last unused position. Spartan 117 drove the tank down a street blowing up Ghosts and and Banshee and went into another underground highway. All the two Spartans were then sent to do was jump on the spider thing with precise timing grab a rocket launcher and some ammo then fight down to the main control systems blast them with the rockets, then steal a Banshee and fly off and land near a Pelican ship and get back unto the main ship to prepare for another mission, _and _they had 5 minuets to place a bomb that was currently ticking. Yeah not really something that could be done with one hand behind your back.

Chris's battle rifle had long ran out of ammunition so he was holding his M7 SMG instead. The needed rocket launcher was on his back as his secondary weapon. Standing on the bridge he was waiting. He had to time this right or he take a very long fall. He saw the ship below him and leapt off. He landed in the middle of the ship which was not where Chris would've preferred to land.

Around fifteen elites were surrounding him. He grabbed a plasma grenade and hurled it unto one of them. The elite being so close to it's fellows died along with three of the others. Chris shot two more until they died, then jumped up and landed behind one monster. He bash the beast in the back of the head then shot down three others. Then he was forced to duck down behind a large crate and waited for the shields to recharge. Then he ran into the fray again, launching a frag grenade and firing took down four more. The last elite bashed him in the gut, Chris was stunned for a split second then he grabbed the monsters arm twisted it and flipped over it head. Holding the thing's right arm behind it's back Chris shot it in the head.

The Master Cheif was battling on the slope and told Chris to get into the control bridge and blow it up. Chris leapt down and kicked to door to the controls open he took out the rocket launcher and blasted two of the panels along with four grunts. Then he blew up two of the control figures and five more grunts then set the bomb. He checked the time. He had just thirty seconds left Man time was moving fast right now.

"Sir, we have to leave now!" Chris shouted running out of the doorway. John nodded and leapt into a Banshee and flew away. Chris ran as fast as he ever had in his life. Tough he wasn't quick enough. An elite grabbed the last operating Banshee and flew off, circled around and fired at Chris. Chris jumped out of the way waited until it got close enough to hijack. Then he leapt from his hiding spot and grabbed a wing of the ship. He then caught a glimpse of the ground below. Around twenty miles below. A certainly fatal fall. He had to either pull himself up and kick the elite out or fall and try to land on a human ship. Chris looked up into the snarling elite's face and made his choice.

2. To be a Spartan or to go home

Chapter 2

Chris looked down. He tried to pull himself up but then fuel rod blast flew and hit the Banshee that he was hanging on. He flew down about thirteen feet before trying to redirect his path. He was aiming for a Pelican but, by his luck it was about a yard out of reach when he grew level with the ship and now smack dab in front of him was (without any way to get around it) a covenant drop ship. Chris had no second thoughts he landed on top of it. He heard Grunts and two Elites start below him he started reloading his weapon only to find he had no ammunition left, and he only had around 20 bullets remaining.

A little to his left lay the smashed Banshee. He saw the gun the elite had been holding a plasma rifle. A weapon that was one of his least favorites. He sighed and put the M7 SMG in his left hand and the plasma rifle in his right hand. Then he leapt down into the opening where the Grunts and Elites were to be found. The air became filled with plasma as the Grunts, Elites and oddly a lone Jackal. The Elites would have to be the first to go so the twenty bullets and about 23 of the plasma rifle hit the two beasts. He dropped the M7 SMG and grabbed a plasma pistol. He then fired and killed the Jackal, then Chris bashed in two Grunt's heads and fired on the remaining five.

Chris walked into the control room. The Elite that was at the control gave a start before the full charged pistol hit him in the head followed by several plasma bolt from the plasma rifle. He ran to the control and tried to change course. _How was it so easy in the game? Oh yeah duh, Master Cheif has his AI, I need to request one, anyone that has good intelligence for my kinda luck._ Chris thought. He pushed a few random buttons and the ship's nose suddenly pointed downward. Chris dashed onto the back, now the top of the ship. He saw that he had only a few hundred yards to the streets of Earth.

Chris looked desperately around for a Banshee, but to no avail. He would have to jump a second before the ship hit the ground. Chris dove towards the front, now bottom of the ship and grabbed on a piece of steel the was about the size of his head. He looked down and saw the ground merely fifty feet down. He waited for as long as he could. When there was twenty feet left he pushed away from the ship with his feet. As he landed his suit took a little damage and the health meter flashed about halfway down. Chris waited for the suit to recharge and was looking for a transport when a voice broke through.

"Hello? Hello? Spartan 106 please respond." Chris didn't know how to use the communications system yet that was what they hadn't taught him. So, he tried talking.

"This is Spartan 106."

"Sparten 106 please respond. He frantically searched the belt around his waist and found a switch with a burnt up label. He flipped the switch and spoke again.

"This is Spartan 106 do you read me?"

"I copy Spartan this is Marine number 9226-484-2231. We will give you a marker on our position." Suddenly Chris's helmet showed a red position and the numbers 84.3 km. Km stood for kilometer that was simple. But he never really worked with kilometers very much in geometry so, he couldn't judge just how far it was and if he would need a car or not. So looking around he saw a crashed car. He couldn't tell which model it was but that hardly mattered. Chris moved the car back and hopped in the drivers seat. He looked down towards the pedals. He was in a drivers Ed class but he never been taught how to hot-wire a car.

Chris smiled and grabbed a simple paper clip. He began unbending it and then inserted it into the slot. He turned hoping it would work. The car suddenly came alive and Chris drove forward towards the marker. Chris hadn't ever driven alone before and found out that he actually enjoyed pushing the car to it's limits. Sooner than he would've liked he reached the point where the marine was.

"Sir, we've got to get in that drop-ship A-S-A-P." Chris nodded and leapt in the ship. The ship soon had gotten the group to the space. As soon as his feet hit the ground, Spartan 117 took off his helmet and wiped his face off. Then John was looking at Chris as if he was asking, _Aren't you going to take your helmet off. _Chris decided that by now either the marines wouldn't care about his age anymore or they would think he was an adult. He took off the suit's helmet. He heard a few gasps, and saw a sudden disbelieving, crestfallen, look come across John's face.

"It's a kid. Just a kid. Can't even be 17 yet how could he be a Spartan." Chris frowned. This wasn't going very well at all just about as bad as it could be.

"Call the idiot that gave this kid a suit. He deserves to be dismissed." An angered Marine called out.

"What was that privet?" The voice of the man Chris identified as his commander came into view.

"Sir," Said the Marine snapping into a salute. "Somebody ordered this kid a suit sir."

"I know." The man responded.

"Well sir the SPARTAN II project was finished. Anyone who ordered this boy a suit should... well be thrown out."

"Well then, your suggesting that _I _be thrown out. Because I ordered the suit. That boy had a story that could fool a Marine. So, he was, if nothing else a good spy but then I saw his weapon tests and the way he responded to commands and followed them rather than being independent and disobeying me and figured he might amount to something and we need all the help we can get. He might have been a disaster. But I gambled and I was right." _Gamble? What a Prick!_ Chris thought angrily.

"Of course," The old commander continued. "This will effect Master Chief the most so it is his choice. What do you say Cheif does he stay or do we send him home?" The Spartan paused for a long time.

"Keep in mind he's not a real Spartan." Hissed the Marine. Chris threw the Marine a dark look.

"I think it is his choice more than mine," John said finally. "He has proved himself worthy of being a Spartan. Even if he wasn't one of those that was chosen."

Chris barely hesitated, "I want to fight again. My family isn't here. And I want to keep citizens safe."

"You do know you face a possible death?" The commander asked quickly.

"Of course I knew that when I saw that Hunter today." Chris responded.

"In that case," Said the old man. "I want you and Spartan 117 ready to leave for your next objective in two minutes. That means grab any ammo, grenades, or anything else you want and do it fast, move!" When he said move the Spartans moved. As Chris was reloading a half empty Battle rifle he finally felt the impact of Spartan 117's words, _He has proved himself worthy of being a Spartan._ He was a Spartan. It didn't feel cool, or scary it was just like a fact it just happened. Like if you beat the same level of a video game twice. Just a fact, not brag. Chris picked up a rocket launcher from an armory and grabbed as many magazines as he could fit on the suit. The Chief said he would need it.

"T minus one minute Spartan 106." Said a voice. T meant time Chris thought. One minute to get to the pod he'd better hurry. As he climbed in the pod he heard the old man's voice, "Just so you know, a squad of expert Marines will be with you. Try not to lose too many of them you'll need them before your done down there." Chris smiled. He remembered this level well enough. What was about to happen was that they needed to find a Prophet and kill him by repeatedly hijacking his floating chair and punching him.

Chris felt the pod he was laying in start to shake and shudder. Suddenly it launched, and there wasn't anything quite like being launched in a pod planet-side. Not that it was enjoyable, Chris hit his head on the side as it rocketed and was glad that he was wearing his Spartan uniform. He tightened his grip on the battle rifle and struggled not to throw up. They didn't land on the planet, they exploded into it.

Chris's door and walls blew apart and went everywhere. He shook himself a little to clear his head. He saw that several plasma turrets were stationed all over, there were few Jackals with energy shields, lots of Grunts, and several Elites. Chris opened fire automatically. The special marines followed his lead. Chris reloaded he ammo clip and threw a grenade on a cliff above him he saw a few bodies fall down shortly afterward.

Then John flicked on the COM system and shouted, "Let's move!"

3. Time to be me

Chapter 3

Chris ran towards the odd building structure that lay ahead. Chris saw that two Grunts were next to a turret while a third was operating it. Chris assassinated the turret Grunt and shot the other two down. He leapt behind a rock to avoid a sniper shot and saw the Jackel fall as Spartan 117 shot it down. Chris ran forward and bash a grunt in the head killing it then assassinated an Elite. Chris turned to his right to see a plasma rifle coming down on his head fast. Chris felt the weapon come down and then felt as if another human had punched him there.

Chris killed the Elite along with several more foes. He saw a ship approaching in the distance. He couldn't make out which kind past all the trees. Oh well, luck favored the prepared so Chris pulled out he rocket launcher and waited, and sure enough he heard the sound of a plasma cannon fire down at Spartan 117. Chris could see the ship now and clearly. He locked onto one of the turrets and fired. It fell to the ground a second later, then he shot down the other two.

Chris tried to reload his battle rifle but couldn't find any clips. Great, he was already out of ammo. Chris walked up to a Marine holding a battle rifle and handed him the rocket launcher. The marine didn't complain, and Chris found that the marine had that rifle fully loaded. Just like the game no Marine ever ran out of ammo. Chris shot down several Grunts and two Elites then looked up and saw a Pelican with a M12LRV Warthog on the bottom. The hog dropped almost on top of them. Chris hopped into the turret section and the expert Marine with the Rocket Launcher hopped into the passenger seat. A hand grabbed Chris's shoulder and pulled him down.

"You drive." Those two words caused a grin to spread across his face. And Chris hopped in the driver's seat, license or not Chris knew where he had to go. He floored the gas pedal and drove up the side of the mountain. The time was actually quite enjoyable. eventually he drove into a spot that he vaguely remembered and was filled with rocks, elites, a few jackels, grunts, and (to top it all off) a wraith.

Chris drove around as the marine and Spartan 117 shot down the aliens. Dodging the wraith proved easy once he'd done it. He parked the jeep behind a building and ran inside to extend the bridge. Chris now wish he'd played this level more an Elite came from nowhere and almost hit him with it's energy sword. Chris managed to assassinate it and took it's sword. He put his hand over the floating controls, still not used to them. As soon as the bridge reached the other side of the canon, Chris ran outside to see that cortana had ordered a scorpion tank.

"I'll take the tank!" Chris called happily. He loved using the tank here. John nodded and hopped in the driver's seat of the warthog and two marines hopped in with him.

"All aboard!" Chris called. Two regular and two special marines got on the edges.

"You really do act like a teenager sometimes you know that?" John asked.

"I am!" Chris shot back, then started to drive the tank. A single shot ended the Wraith. Another flipped over two ghosts that had been stupid enough to group together. Master cheif then finished of one of

the Elites that had managed to stay alive by rolling right over it. Chris then started the difficult task of fitting the tank through the structure ahead. One of the marines accidentally fired a rocket almost killing himself.

"Watch it!" Chris hollered. "You make another wrong move we might all be dead." Killing and aliens within the place proved a very easy task. Single shots coupled with the machine gun left the stupid things no chance. Soon they were on the other side of the building. John rolled up next to Chris and hopped out of the warthog.

"We are moving on foot from here! Make sure the elites can't steal that tank." Chris smiled and grabbed a marine's rocket launcher, then fired at the tank.

"Not what I meant but not bad." 117 said.

"I just wanted a reason to blow something up." Chris replied.

"Don't worry I have a feeling we are about to get all the fight we could want." The spartan said. Chris reloaded his SMG and ran hard to where he remembered many foes would come flying at them. As could be expected the marines were yelling things wasting good ammo and not doing much to the energy shields guarding the wave of enemies. Chris sighed and shoved two marines back.

"GO! Get to Spartan 117 help him." Chris yelled.

"Not leaving you here sir." One female marine replied.

"That wasn't a question. That was an order!" He almost pushed the marine off the edge of the wall he was now standing on. The marines left whether they wanted to or not. This is what his life had become, a week ago he was sitting in a class, studying for a test, today he was facing a column of some of the aliens finest soldiers. The elites wielded carbines and energy swords, the Grunts all had red or green armor, and he isn't scared. He knows he will win. He knows he will do it without breaking a sweat.

The reason he knows it is that Elites don't know he can do it. And he uses every bit of his foe's weakness to his well doing. Now Chris drew his energy sword, point blank, swords were better than guns, he ran hard right into the mass of enemies.

4. It's been a long day

Chapter 4

Chris's sword flashed, aliens fell and several grenades went in every direction possible. Chris felt some of the plasma fling towards him hit his suit, he wasn't really concerned until a shot of laser (or whatever it was) beam from a beam rifle almost hit his head. Soon after a blast from a carbine hit his chest. Both meant death if they hit his head. Chris ducked behind the alien's own energy shield and turned back only to find an Elite standing right above him. Without pausing to think Chris stabbed it in the gut, then his sword shorted out and then blade disappeared. Great already out of energy, he brought out his M7 SMG and fired into the mass hitting and killing the two jackals he had spotted. He got back behind the shield. No

ammo clips maybe the marines would have done some good up there after all. Chris fired his last bullets into a stubborn Elite with an energy sword. Before Chris could grab the blade, it fell off the edge.

His SMG was out of bullets and his sword was out of energy, time to go melee. Chris ran head on at the mass of foes getting a plasma grenade on a sergeant Grunt which ran into two elite before exploding, couldn't have had it better. Chris threw his gun into the hands of the Elite nearest him and the elite caught it then pulled the trigger, when nothing happened the elite bore a confused face until Chris bashed him to death with his sword handle. Chris had always been one who wasn't afraid to get up and close with his assault, now was no different. Several more beasts fell to his punch a moment later. Chris dropped his sword handle then flipped over an Elite's head grabbed the things neck and twisted it... hard. The alien's neck snapped and it slumped to the ground, dead. He picked up the weapon the creature had dropped, a plasma rifle... great. Resigned to a ridiculous battle Chris fired on the Elites killing one before ducking behind one of the large metal shields that the marines often had set up. Suddenly Chris couldn't make the gun fire, he forced himself down at the thing to see what was wrong. Only to find that he was looking down impossibly incredibly slowly.

_What is wrong! Why is everything so slow? I can't think why this is going on. Is this something that happens from the covenant when they attack you? _Chris then remembered reading something about slow time. This must be it, he hadn't ever had this before, but he knew it was supposed to happen when you were about to die. He'd have to fight like hell to get out of this, or so he believed. But suddenly the slowness stopped bullets flew over his head at the Elites. Chris looked around to find 117 looking at him.

"Always manage to get in trouble don't you?" But he was happier than usually when he said it. Chris joined in laughing fully. John ordered the marines to attack and attack they did. The Elite's resistance broke. Running into the structure that had been guarded Chris saw in his mind two honor Elites with swords. John was in front, if he kept running head on he'd end up dead. Chris grabbed his arm and pulled him away as the marines ran forward.

"Wait, what are you doing!" But then swords flashed and almost all the marine forces died. _No, _Chris thought. _They didn't die, they were murdered, slaughtered. _He picked up a fallen Battle Rifle and reloaded it. He was almost scared, honor guards were the best of the Elites. John then looked at him, Chris could almost see that his eyebrows were raised.

"Buck up!" Was all that was said, Chris took a breath in and charged jumping through the doorway. The battle rifle cracked, swords flashed. In thirty seconds it was over two more Elite bodies littered the ground.

"What's this?" Chris asked. Cortana started to talk and Chris stopped listening.

Later on he heard, "Hey, spartan did you catch that?"

"Huh? Oh yeah yeah, something about the end of the world and us having to stop it." The Chief sighed.

"Close enough." Chris saw two _more _marines run through the door that he'd been at just a few seconds ago. He sighed. If he ever got back home, he'd never play Halo 2 the same way again.

"Watch out!" Chris heeded the warning and rolled to his left coming up he saw more honor guards, Chris spied a sniper rifle laying abandoned on the ground. It was a beam rifle one of the covenant's favorites for a jackel. He picked it up and brought down one honor guard with two shots, the rifle overheated. Chris tossed it to the marine and flipped over the large monster to assassinate it.

When both Elites were dead, John walked up to one and took it's sword. Chris removed his helmet and took a long look and his body, coated in green armor, he look at the helmet in his hands, it was torched with black from a few plasma marks.

"Hey, I was wondering, where are the others?" Chris asked.

"Other what? Marines?" John asked in response.

"No, the other spartans."

"They died at reach."

"Not all of them. I read... in a file that you'd found others that survived there should be some others. You know Linda, yourself, Fred, and Kelly. So where are the other three?" Chris asked, hoping John wasn't going to ask how he knew all this.

"Kelly went with Dr. Harley the woman who started the SPARTAN and SPARTAN II project." Chris nodded, pretending he didn't know this, though John seemed to think he knew otherwise.

"The others?" Chris asked.

"Still in medical attention from a recent mission."

"Dude, I mean sir. We've been out here for like... ever."

"Well their likely out by now. They just waiting for something to do, we've got the battle down here under control," John ducked under a sniper shot. "Well almost." Chris had the marine with the beam rifle shoot down the jackel. The marine was indeed a good shot, better then Chris was, though Chris was the worst sniper of his friends, at least he had been when Halo was a game. Now he wasn't so sure.

Chris ran towards a bridge which, hopefully, led to Regret, or Truth, or whatever the heck it was supposed to be. He ran forward unworried suddenly remembered this part of the level and ran backwards just fast enough not to fall into the impossibly large hole. Stupid game designers, just for once couldn't any mission be easy?He ran around fast to the other side of the sort of building they were outside of and happily rolled through the doorway he found there, John appeared behind him before long. They managed to get unto what Chris called a control room and what John declared a command center. Though there wasn't much difference, they made a bet on it.

Cortona quickly ended the debate, and Chris grinned joking saying he excepted his payment in cash. John told him to shut up, Chris laughed

fully and punched the hologram controls, suddenly the largest blast he'd ever see started at his feet.

"RUN!" It was a quick simple command and Chris made his feet obey, he ran as fast as he could just trying to keep behind John. He looked at the water from the gap in the hole from the bridge, and jumped into it, he floated for about a full 85 minuets, he remembered the suit would only last for 90, he'd to swim but the current pushing down was far too strong, so he floated, then suddenly a large tentacle caught him and pulled him down even though he struggled hard. He heard a deep voice above his head...

5. Back home

Chapter 5

He was looking into the face of something he'd never seen before, but he knew what it was, the swamp creature, the one that'd release the flood if Chris remembered right.

"DEMON!" Screamed the voice that was like a small memory in the back of his head.

"Hey relax would you?" John asked the Elite. The... Arbiter or something like that.

"Yeah I'd rather not tick this thing off!" Chris said stealing the words 117 had been going to say. John just stared at him. The swamp... thing was taking about stopping halo and about all three searching the right place. Wait wasn't it just supposed to be two. He started listening again.

"You will search one likely place, and you will search the other." The thing said indicating John and the Alien.

"And _you _will stop the control center of this ring altogether."

"Wait-- I have to what?" Chris asked scared, he didn't understand it at all, he didn't know where the room was but the light surrounded him and he warped around to a place that was totally new to him.

The second that his visor came into focus again Chris ducked to avoid a shot from a shotgun, he punched the foe in the gut then strangled it. He had a split second to look at it, it was one of the flood, that darn beast had just put him where the flood was guarding from the elites. He grabbed up the shotgun and two of the creatures followed the first one. He grabbed a fallen pistol and shot down several of the spiders things that he didn't remember well. Two more jumped at him so down they went. The shotgun put down a marine's body controlled by one of the flood.

He shot down two more of the spiders before they got to the bodies. Many, many bodies, too many to protect, too many to stop. Chris had only a second to decide, and he decided to break the rules, doing the one thing they didn't he would do. He picked up a body and flung it into the wave, soon another came and another and yet another until all the bodies were controlled, eight grenades flew everywhere, four plasma four frag. All the bodies were destroyed, but the flood was

hardly done, it was barely faulted, he saw a switch, a small one next to a door, it must have lead outside, it would save him, and save Halo.

No, he couldn't do that, he'd die stopping these beings, his shotgun fired in all directions and his pistol went wild, he tossed it aside and turned the shotgun upside down and started swinging it like a sword and it brought down several for hours, though it felt like years, his suit had been breached, he was deeply injured. And felt a hole appear in the chest area of his suit, he looked down to find it had been torn away, a spider leapt at him he raised the shotgun to stop the thing but he missed by an inch. He felt the damn thing exploring his chest, it tried to grabbed at his head, he hid all memories of anything about Halo and had to hold it off as long as he could.

"How do we get off?" It was in his head but it wasn't his own voice. Chris, Spartan, number 106. Chris, Spartan, number 106. An image of two young boys playing soccer was dragged out of his head and destroyed, shortly followed by a picture of birds.

"How..." Chris, Spartan, number 106. He put up a memory of the girl he loved that one memory was swallowed up. Several battle moves came up and were destroyed. Chris, Spartan, 106. Chris, Spartan, 106. Chris, Knight, 103? No, no. Chris... Chris...

"How?... "

"SPARTAN!" John's voice cracked the air like a whip. A hand entered his chest someone was dragging the spider out of his chest. The deep voice left. Chris knelt scared, hurt and too tired to move anymore. He could hold on, blood spurted out of his chest his own blood was on his hands, Chris lay down on the floor and the flood rushed out, John pulled off Chris's helmet. He stared at John, and smiled.

"I'm sorry but I killed as many as I could but you can kill them, you always know how to solve everything. Don't let earth fall to the flood or those covenant pricks."

"Just be strong. You are a true Spartan, number 106. I will always remember you as such, I hope you have a peaceful afterlife, I never could've gotten here without you, and I will always think of you when I do fight for earth."

"Do when you flip over a few ghost with a tank." John smiled at Chris's words and put Chris's helmet into it's owner's hands. Chris saw a bright light come towards him and he suddenly didn't fell anything at all anymore.

"JOHN!" Chris called. He sat up, he was on something highly squishy, a couch? Yes that seemed right. He sat up, and felt something hard but light on his chest it fell to the floor, he'd find what it was later. He looked around the old room, it had a... large television, Chris thought. In front of him was an old Xbox? Yes that seemed right. He was in his basement, he was back, in 2006 his own time, no spartans, no elites, no grunts, no space battles, no more guns, no more suit, no more fighting, no more killing. He look around to see the thing he dropped. It was next to the old controller he had from what was another life, or this life now.

It was his spartan helmet. A plasma mark on the side of it. It looked so much as though it needed to be on his head. It'd been real. He'd been at wars, fighting several elites. He frowned. He picked up the helmet and put it up on his bed head.

"CHRIS! DID YOU STUDY FOR FINALS YET!" Chris ran upstairs, to open his books, forget the math test. It'd be easy now, he'd dealt with college magic. He'd be reliving quite a few good memories.

6. Going where you belong

Chapter 6

The next day at school was very bad. Chris's spartan actions were still in full. He wasn't as fast, or strong as with his spartan suit. But he was still as careful, still as ready to kill in hand to hand and nearly did.

"Hey you son of a gun how the fuck have you been?" A man threw a fist at his back. Chris grabbed it and twisted it to cause the man pain before jacking the man in the face.

"Hey man! What's wrong calm down I'm sorry I'm sorry." Chris let the man free.

"Don't touch me!" Chris gave him a warning. In the weight-training room Chris found even without his suit he was still stronger then before. He set the weight up high and pushed it up with some difficulty. Some of the juniors were starring at him. After all he was a freshmen, he was pulling over most of their abilities. He quickly dropped it pretending to be hurt.

"Man Williams." A boy came for calling him by his last name. "What the heck were you doing lifting that much?"

"I made a mistake. Thought I could do more than I could." Chris said rubbing his shoulder.

"I'm fine don't worry." He moved to the free weights. He went high, but not too far to arouse suspicion. It almost got boring.

"Don't forget people we are doing max on the bench today!" Called the teacher.

"Hey Chris ready?" Asked the man who was spotting him, Rob.

"Bring it on!" Chris said pretending to be excited. He lifted the weight and put it back up easy. Though he'd meant to do it slow so as to make them think he tired.

"Add ten to each side!" He instructed and the proper amount was added. He started to lift the bar but someone was messing with the clip. He quickly dropped the bar.

"Oops, sorry!" Said a boy, Steve.

"Forget it!" Said Chris he'd try again tomorrow.

The Math final wasn't overly hard. Chris forgot the formula for sign. tangent. and constant. But he knew he'd done reasonably well. He got back home, half day nothing hard. He could relax only thing tomorrow was driver's ed. He knew that stuff backwards and forwards. He really didn't need to study. He walked to his spartan helmet. He'd thought it through and decided the best way to hide what had happened was to show his parents he'd gotten it through the mail.

"Hey dad come take a look at this." Chris said happily.

"When did you get that? What is that?" Asked his father.

"I ordered it in the mail. It's a SPARTAN helmet like from the halo games, you know."

"Oh, yeah cool. I have to see a client and Mom's at work and the girl's are at Danny's so you'll have to make yourself dinner." Chris's dad said.

"Ok see you." Chris ran downstairs, he almost got bored being back in the "normal" world he felt more relaxed in a fight. Everything follow rules then, everything worked the way they were supposed to. He started up the Halo 2 game again. Again he play the first level. Too easy he put it up to hard. Still to easy, put it even harder. It showed a little challenge. He put it on the next level. He wondered if he could go back in. He watched the load screen, no luck it loaded fine.

"But I already played that one. I need to be... Here!" He picked the last level on which it was possible to be a spartan. He picked up the helmet and put it on his head. The load screen came up. Chris started counting.

"One two three four five." The screen was loading. Suddenly, the level started but Chris wasn't in the game, he was still at home. He wanted to go back badly. He figured he'd give up. Chris scrolled down to the last level where you had to be the Elite to defeat the brute. But suddenly he saw something he'd never ever seen in all his time of playing the game. There was another level. One that was new, brand new.

It was two words. Two simple words. Chris didn't hit it for fear of it not being real. Chris started laughing for happiness, he scrolled down and punched the last level.

It said, "Spartan 106."

7. AN

Hi this is the Hylia Rider I just wanted to say that this story is completed but it does have a sequel, and I hope that those who enjoyed the story will read it, the sequel is named, "Once a spartan, always a spartan" And don't start flaming me about the suit. I know normal humans can't wear it.

End
file.